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GOD THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

A SERMON DELIVERED IN CALVARY CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO, SABBATH EVENING, JULY 31ST., 1859, BY REV. GEORGE BURROWES, D. D., OF SACRAMENTO.

PSALM 90:1-2.—Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

APART from the important truth it contains, this psalm has claims on our attention as the oldest lyric production on record. It is the oldest of the whole collection of psalms, and the model on which the psalmody of the Jewish, and consequently of the Christian Church, is formed. As a literary production, this psalm is altogether worthy of its origin and its aim. The man who has the head and the heart necessary for constituting a capable judge, will feel that the best lyric poetry of antiquity, the odes of Pindar and Horace, the most exalted strains of Homer, the noblest choral songs of the Greek tragedians, are transcended in simplicity, pathos, sublimity, and grandeur, by the lyric songs of the Scriptures, of which this psalm is the key-note, more than Mount Olympus with its solitary summit of snow pure and cold, is transcended by Sinai crowned with darkness, and tempest, and the sound of the trumpet, and the consuming fire burning to the midst of heaven, in which dwelt the presence of Jehovah.

The first verse sets forth a fundamental truth for man—a truth which philosophy, which reason could never discover. It tells us that the restlessness of the human heart can be allayed, that its desires for peace can

be gratified, that the repose for which all are sighing is found, in God alone; that He has ever been the only home of the soul, our dwelling-place, our home, in all generations. Written in the wilderness when the Jews were wandering without a home and falling by thousands in consequence of their sin, this psalm shows the sad condition of our perishing race by stating in the third verse that the power which turns man to destruction, is the power of Him who is our natural home,—that our wretchedness is complete in receiving from the lips of Him who is the eternal dwelling-place of the soul, the sentence which returns man to dust. The word Lord here used in the Hebrew is not the word Jehovah; it is another derived from the word for base, and expresses one who is the base and prop of his family. And as the Latin word for Lord is derived from the word for house, because he presides over it; this Hebrew word is so called because God presides over the whole universe as a house of his own construction. "Of him the whole family in heaven and earth is named."—*Eph.* 3:15. As though the psalmist would say,—Thou who dost preside over the universe as thine own house, thyself being its maker, and head, around whom all the innumerable family in heaven and earth gather as the centre and head. Thou hast been in all ages our home; the home of those who like the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob have made a covenant with thee by sacrifice, the home of all who stand in covenant relation to God by trust in the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ.

What is the the truth taught when God is thus called the home of the soul? The union of husband and wife teaches us the tenderness existing between Jesus and his people. *Eph.*—5:22-23. The Church is the bride, the wife of the Lamb. Shall this be so, and shall there be no spiritual truths shadowed forth by all that is included in the word home? There is no sweeter, more precious word than the word home. There is no earthly happiness without a home. The efforts and sacrifices made in the drudgery of business are endured, not for pleasure found in the toil, but for enjoying without interruption at some future day the retirement of a well appointed home. For this repose in advanced age, the seaman braves the dangers of tempestuous oceans and pestilential climes; the soldier endures the exhaustion of the march, the discomforts of the bivouac, the perils of the deadly breach; by thought of this the weary swain recruits his strength, as tracing with lagging step the tedious furrow and swinging his scythe beneath the summer's sun; the toil of the counting-house becomes a work of love, when the thought of evening and home breaks in on the tide of anxious calculations, and hope points

to a happy home in old age. Home is the place where those objects are gathered on which the warmest, the primary affections of the heart are centred. It is our natural place of repose for both the wearied body and the loving heart. Around it gather those attachments of the heart which were intended to have the supremacy of all other attachments, the confiding love of infancy, the hearty happiness of childhood, the buoyant hopes of youth, the sober pleasures of manhood, the melting remembrances of hearts separated by distance or by death, the tender sympathies deepened by common sufferings and by common joys, the autumnal peace of age.

Yet it is not the scenes alone of early childhood, the spreading trees, the winding brook, the shady grove, the sheet of water fringed with willows and wild flowers, the cooling spring where childhood wearied with its gambols sunk to sleep on the luxuriant grass, the porch with trailing honey-suckles where we sat beneath the summer-moon and talked of heaven with those who have long since made heaven their home; these, these alone do not constitute what is meant by home. The central attraction of every home is found in the living affections, the loving hearts there finding undisturbed repose. Withdraw these by death, and the most beautiful dwelling-place becomes a wilderness of painful recollections, a place of loneliness and exile. No; it is the living hearts linked with these scenes; the friends there beloved and with whom every tree and every shrub every flower, every trifling thing is identified;—these constitute the life of home; when they are gone, the brightest home becomes the lifeless body from which has been withdrawn its powerful attraction, the living soul and loving heart. In this world however nothing is perfect; everything is unsettled and in a state of unrest. From man with whom the evil begins, the discord extends through all the ramifications of society, no less than through all the domains of this surrounding world. Here there is no perfect knowledge, no perfect mind, no perfect person, no perfect society, no perfect heart. Is there on earth any perfect home? In every household, whatever the comforts springing from wealth, whatever the happiness secured by religion, there is ever something found to unsettle in a measure their peace and to keep them in mind earth is not their rest. An invisible hand, like that at Belshazzar's feast, writes on the most cherished objects of earthly love, in emblematic characters of paleness and decay which the aching heart can interpret, alas, too well, "Arise, depart ye, for earth is not your rest." Every home has in it some wreck of bygone joy, some remnant of blasted hopes, which makes them feel that

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whatever the sum of their blessings, one thing is wanting to make those blessings complete.

> "There is no flock however closely tended,
> But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
> But has one vacant chair."

Wordly prosperity is no sure evidence of domestic happiness. Wealth, position, and fashion stand around many families as the white marble stands around the grave, entombing within corruption, misery and death. Even where there is not the difficuly of struggling with poverty; where there is no toil for the comforts of life; where religion abides and the Holy Spirit dwells; where the world can trace no disturbing influence and might suppose the happiness complete;—even there, could the whole truth be revealed, the heart knows its own bitterness; some break is traced in the circle of the affections; some canker, like a worm hid amid the leaves of the rose, preying in secret on the heart; some unhappiness covered from the eye of the world, but hourly felt by the bleeding spirit and going down with it in silence and agony to the grave; tears shed where none but the eye of Jesus can see, and ceasing only by those fountains of living waters where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

But wherefore is this? Why is it that in every age God has kept his people in an unsettled state? The palaces and costly homes of earth have not been theirs. They have been generally homeless, often houseless; they have "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—*Heb.* 11-13. Like the father of the faithful, there has been given them no inheritance in this world, "no, not so much as to set the foot on."—*Acts* 7:5. He who had been caught up into paradise, had no certain dwelling-place.—1 *Cor.* 4:11. They of whom the world was not worthy, "wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens, and in caves of the earth."—*Heb.* 11:38. And when he was on earth, who is now exalted above all principality and power, and who has left us an example that we should follow in his steps,—He was so destitute, that while the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, he had not where to lay his head,—so destitute as to depend on the sisters of Lazarus for a shelter, and on the kindness of Joseph of Arimathea for a grave.

These facts are but the harmony of nature and providence with the yearnings of the human heart. Even with the happiest home, the soul has a craving for something higher and better than this. It is pain-

fully sensible that although its desires may be fulfilled with this idea of home developed into the perfection of heaven, and rendered permanent as God and heaven must be, it can certainly be satisfied with nothing short of such a goal. These yearnings the Scriptures assure us shall be gratified. The blight resting on every earthly happiness, on every earthly home, on every earthly heart; the instability of all things here; the certain disappointment in which every earthly hope terminates; the certain separation in which every earthly love ends; all are means combined by divine wisdom and fatherly love for keeping us in mind that earth is not our home; for raising our love to "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;" for leading us to God who has been our dwelling-place in all generations.

1. As such, God is our only rest. Hence Jesus says, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In God, through Jesus Christ, above and beyond the limits of earth and earthly things, the affections of the soul find their home. This, this is the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Home is the place of rest. While other spots may have much that is attractive, we never feel a settled repose till reaching home. This is the place of ultimate repose. We look for no rest beyond it on earth. God is the home of the soul, the place of its final rest. The bird finds its home in the leafy shelter of its nest on some wind-rocked bough; the bee rests amid the leaves of full-blown flowers; the gazelle reposes in the meadows of grass and lilies; the ambitious man tries to make a home for his restless spirit on the unstable waves of popular applause; the miser drags out life amid his bags of gold; the wearied peasant seeks his home in the lowly woodland cottage; the infant finds its home on the bosom of the parent; the soul has its home on the bosom of its God. There, with its loftiest affections reposing on God who is love, and infolded deep in the manifold love of God, the heart sinks down in the deliciousness of an enjoyment for which our whole existence on earth has been one long-drawn sigh and agony, and which constitutes the bliss of heaven. And those who have been harassed with the consciousness of guilt, with a certain fearful looking-for of judgment:—those who have been friendless, homeless, houseless; those who have never had their affection properly requited, who have received from those on whom their love has been lavished, only a wounded and bleeding heart; all have here found, at the foot of the cross, on the bosom of Jesus, a deep, delicious, heavenly rest. "There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The heavy laden of earth,—the laborer who

has morning after morning through an anxious life dragged his exhausted body from his couch of straw to a day of weariness and toil; the sons of misfortune and poverty finding a pitiable shelter in the lonely alley and dreary garret; the widow whose utmost exertions could barely satisfy the craving hunger of her children, and scrape together enough to meet the landlord's claims; the needy emigrant with a dependent family in a foreign land and a strange language; all have there passed forever beyond the reach of toil, and penury, and care, and found a home in the bosom of their sympathizing God.

2. In God as our home, we have security from all evil. "There is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. And we are in him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life."—*Rom.* 8:1; 1 *Jno.* 5:20. Over every home, however humble, the law throws its powerful shield. Nothing but the demands of justice for some crime, can intrude with impunity on the sanctity of the domestic hearth. The object of every good government is to make every man's home his castle. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower—a castle—the righteous runneth into it and is safe." "And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night: for upon all the glory shall be a defence. And there shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the day-time from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain."—*Isa.* 4:5. This is the strong-hold to which ye prisoners of hope, souls burdened with sin, are exhorted to turn. "For I, saith the Lord, will be unto her a wall of fire round about, and will be the glory in the midst of her."—*Zech.* 2:5. In the sacred verse of this psalm God is spoken of as eternal and almighty. This refuge of the sinner is fortified with the battlements of eternity and almighty power. This home of the soul is found in him who is eternal, who is the Creator of the earth, the world, the everlasting hills. Shall the believer dwell on high? his place of defence be the munitions of rocks? Nay; his place of defence is the Creator of the munitions of rocks, is more enduring than the everlasting hills, rests on, is the rock of ages. In the midst of the righteousness of Christ, as in an impregnable fortress, does the believing soul dwell. There do we find our home,—such a home as the manslayer had in the city of refuge, such a home as the fugitive had among the munitions of rocks, such a home as Israel had beneath the pillar of cloud and of fire, such a home as the sinner has beneath the shadow of the cross, such a home as the beloved disciple had when his head

rested on the bosom of Jesus, such a home as he has who dwells in the secret place of the Most High and abides under the shadow of the Almighty.

3. In God, as our home, we find the strongest and sweetest manifestations of love towards us. Who on earth loves us with such an affection as those in our own house? Through the deceitfulness of sin, the heart may sometimes waver as the tempter tries to persuade that others have a love well nigh as strong; but experience awakens the conviction that whatever promises others may make, when the hour of trial comes no other love can be put in comparison with that of the hearts around our own domestic hearth. The prodigal awakens to this truth, when after being reduced to wretchedness by those who took the name of friend, he still finds a shelter open for him beneath the father's roof he had wilfully forsaken, and more than a welcome in the mother's heart he had wrung with the bitterness of woe.

Who loves us as God loves us? Who can love us as he loves us? Who can give us such evidences of love? Every thing belonging to man in his best estate is, in comparison with God, less than nothing and vanity. His love like his other attributes, is infinite. Human love at best only is very faint in age.

> "Thine is an unchanging love,
> Higher than the heights above:
> Deeper than the depths beneath,
> Free and faithful, strong as death."

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."—*Jno.* 3:16. Like the wayward child, we are prone to believe that others love us better than He; but when, after wandering from our father's house and spending our substance in riotous living of sin, we find ourselves in want; when sorrow distresses; when sickness pains; when friends forsake; when guilt agonizes; when death approaches; when the judgment is at hand; then we are aroused to his tenderness, and find he so loves us, that though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool;—so loves us that when father and mother forsake us, then He takes us up; loves us with the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. That were a home indeed in which we thus rest in the love of God through Jesus Christ. And "God is love: he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him,"—1 *Jno.* 1:16.

4. In God, as our home, we have the object of our fondest and most delightful affections. Every other joy is a cold and empty thing compared with the pleasure springing from the proper exercise of the domestic affections. When putting away the wife who devotedly loved him, that Jupiter tonans of mortals the emperor of the French, who had drunk of every pleasure earth can give, who had crowns at his disposal and more than half a million bayonets at his command, made to her the confession that all the true happiness he had ever known, had been in the enjoyment of her society, her love, and her home. This is the natural feeling of every human heart. Home is the pole-star of the heart in its wanderings. The remembrance of those who love us there, lightens the gloom of separation, and brightens the future by the hope of again resting amid their loves in peace, The record of a young officer of ardent piety, lately slain,—whose praise is in all the churches,—is that the love that he fostered towards her whom he was hoping to make his bride, animated him through the sufferings of a Crimean winter, cheered him during dreadful nights spent in the trenches, and gave vigor to his arm as he struck for victory and his country's glory. How many a way-worn soldier of Jesus Christ has been out of weakness made strong, waxed valiant in fight with the powers of darkness, and at the midnight cry has rushed with more than cheerfulness to grapple with the king of terrors, forgetting pain, sorrow, and death, under the elevating joy of love to Jesus Christ; and, as in Jacob's service for Rachel, the years of a life of toil and suffering have seemed but a few days for the love borne by the believer to his Lord. Who but the child of God can tell with what joy unspeakable and full of glory, the saint now rejoices in the love of Jesus, and looks forward to the day of our espousals, the day of the gladness of our heart, of which Christ himself says, "As the bridegroom rejoices over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."—*Isa.* 62:5. In that home of all other homes, in heaven, Jesus is all in all. As Andromache said to Hector, after mentioning the loss of parents and brothers,—

> My mother, father, brother, husband dear,
> My all art thou; all love I find in thee;—

so may the Church say to Jesus, the heavenly bridegroom, Thou art to me father, mother, brother,—thou art my home. And true to the fundamental principles of the heart is it, when one of the greatest masters of human nature makes the wretched beggar-boy Smike say to the only friend he has ever found, and who though anxious to help him, was as poor and houseless as himself,—I will not, I cannot leave you; you

are my all; you are my home. The same feeling which prompted this, operating in the soul of the saint, and reaching forth with intense yearning to Him who though now crowned with glory, is still the same as when on earth he had not where to lay his head, makes us say to Him, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—*Ruth.* 1:16-17. The idea of heaven is but the idea of home carried out to perfection,—with its central attraction, Jesus. St. Chrysostom says, "Where Christ is, there is heaven." We say, where Christ is, there is home.

Where'er thou art, blessed Jesus, is my home,
Nor earth, nor heaven has home apart from thee.

Thus God has been our dwelling-place in all generations; we find in him the same blessedness and peace enjoyed by our fathers. An ancestral home is ever most fondly loved; around it cluster the most endearing associations. God is our ancestral home. He will be to us all that he has been to our fathers. And when one and another of the patriarchs is said at death to be gathered to his people, to sleep with his fathers, they are represented as coming together by family re-union in their common ancestral home, in Him who has been their dwelling-place in all generations. "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not."—*Pro.* 27:10.

From this home we were driven, and against us the door was closed, when the Lord God drove out man from the garden and placed at the east of Eden, Cherubim and a flaming sword. But there has been opened "a new and living way." From the lips of Jesus expiring on the cross, the glad tidings were published to our doomed world, "It is finished!" Jesus, the eternal Son of God, says. "I am the way. I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—*Jno.* 10: 9. "These things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth and no man shutteth; behold I have set before thee an open door."—*Rev.* 3:7. Jesus came from heaven to seek and to save those that are lost, by leading them back to the ancestral home of their eternal God. We are now like the prodigal, when in a far country his substance had been spent by a life of sin, and in rags and misery he was feeling himself in want. When with repentance and tears we return to our Father, from heaven the habitation of his holiness he sees us with his watchful eye of love, and through his

Holy Spirit runs, and falls on our neck, and kisses us; and puts on us the best robe heaven can furnish, even the righteousness of Christ; and puts a ring on our hand, even the seal of the Holy Spirit; and puts shoes on our feet, the preparation of the Gospel of peace; and spreads for us a banquet of the hidden manna; and gathers angels to rejoice over us as sons of God who were dead and are alive again; who were lost and are found. An angry, tumultuous sea, dark as the waves of death, shuts in our horizon and rolls between us and our eternal home. But He who walked the waters with Peter sinking, and hushed the surges threatening to swallow up the disciples on the sea of Galilee, is walking with us, and will bring us safe to the heavenly haven, and to our fathers' God, our ancestral home.

Then what is death? What was death to Jesus when here on earth in the likeness of sinful flesh, but a return to his home in heaven, the bosom of the Father, the glory he had with the Father before the world was? What was death to Enoch and Elijah, who appeared with this same Jesus in glory? What was death to the martyr Stephen, when he saw the heavens opened and the Son of Man at the right hand of God, waiting to receive his spirit? What but an entrance through the gates into the heavenly city, where Jesus has prepared a home for us, there ever to abide under the glory of the glorified Redeemer, in the secret place of the Most High, under the shadow of the Almighty.

No, not the streets of gold,
Nor gates of pearl, nor Salem's silvery dome,
Nor scenes on Zion's heavenly field unrolled,—
These, these are not my home.

My disembodied soul,
Ye kindred angels take to Jesus' breast;
There dove-like seeks my heart its final goal,
There only longs to rest,

THE TROUBLE you dread may never come; and if it does, its character may be so changed by the time it reaches you, that you may not dread it; or you may be raised above it, so that it may pass away without much affecting you. Small troubles are frequently the greatest trials, because we endeavor to bear them alone.

NURSLING VESPERS.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.

A row of little faces by the bed,
A row of little hands upon the spread,
A row of little roguish eyes all closed,
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread the heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

No lovlier sight, this side of heaven is seen,
And angels hover o'er the group unseen,
Instead of odors in a censer swung,
There floats the fragrance of an infant's tongue.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheet they hide their timid heads,
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And, like a peeping bud, each little face appears.

All dressed like angels, in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies, in dreams of night,
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

Important Statistics.—Hunt's *Merchant's Magazine* says there are on the globe one thousand million of inhabitants. And that of these thirty-three millions, three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three die every year, which is at the rate of seven thousand seven hundred and eighty every hour, or sixty per minute, or one for every second. The number of births are about equal to the deaths. The married are longer lived than the single. The sober and virtuous live longer than the vicious and intemperate. The average of life is thirty-two. One quarter die before the age of seven, and one-half before seventeen. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during June and December. Number of men capable of bearing arms, is one-fourth of the population.

The Believer Looking to Christ.—"Whom have I in Heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." (*Ps.* lxxiii.) We have here the believer looking up to heaven, looking abroad on the earth, looking unto himself and into his own heart, and finding nothing; nothing he can delight in, and nothing he can trust to, but one, his God and Saviour. God as he has revealed himself in the person of his well-beloved Son. And then we have the believer, with this blessed object in view, turning eyes backward, and retracing his course, Christ in his heart and in his thoughts, Christ in the world, and Christ even in heaven; even in the possession of ten thousand times more than heart can conceive, still Christ his portion, his all, and all he desires for ever. *Ragland.*

Bible Commentaries.—We learn from a curious work by Mr Darling, of London—"Encyclopedia Bibliographica," just published, that exclusive of commentaries on the whole Bible, and on the Old Testament, twenty-five hundred different works have been published on the Pentateuch and Genesis; five thousand on the Psalms; on Isaiah, two thousand; on the Gospels, six thousand; on the Epistles of Paul (and to the Romans in particular,) about three thousand; and on Revelation, two thousand. From this it is seen that it is not true that more books have been written on Revelation than on other parts of the Bible, and it appears that the Gospels, the Psalms and Romans, and Genesis, have received the most attention from Christian writers.

Trust.—You have a great trust to commit to God when you die, and God has a great trust to commit to you while you live. If you keep his truths, he will keep your souls. "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee." (*Rev.* iii:10.) Be faithful to your God, and you shall find him faithful to you.—*Flavel.*

Encouragement.—O believer, hidden in the cleft Rock, abide in him. As the sky darkens around you, hide deeper in him. It is only for a short time; one dark, dark cloud, and eternal sunshine beyond.: one wild wave of vengeance, and an unbounded ocean of glory.—*M'Cheyne.*

GRAVEYARD THOUGHTS.

BY REV. JAMES WOODS.

We present our readers with the following beautiful and appropriate remarks, made by the Rev. James Woods, at the consecration of the "Oak Mound Cemetery," near Healdsburg, a short time since. Speaking of this address, the *Sonoma County Journal* says: "It was listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Woods is always an interesting speaker, but on this occasion all his energies seemed called forth to impress upon the audience the sanctity of the place, that, hereafter, as we may stop and gaze upon the little hillocks, these life-lessons may be brought home to our hearts, and there leave the impress of good, so that when we take our places in 'the silent halls of death,' it may be in the full faith of a glorious future in that "mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

When Moses stood upon the northern slope of Horeb, gazing in awe upon the burning bush, a solemn voice fell upon his ear, saying, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the ground whereon thou standest is holy ground." So the ground on which we now tread is set apart for holy ground. Not that it is holy in the sense that our burial here will affect the future interests of the soul. For so far as our future and eternal interests are concerned, it matters not whether we are buried on the lone mountain top, in the remotest recesses of the gloomy canon, or far down in the rocky caverns of the ocean depths; wherever buried, our scattered dust will be re-collected on the resurrection morning, and the soul and body re-united to appear at the judgment bar. So that this is not holy ground in the sense that our burial here will affect the future interests of the immortal spirit. But this is holy ground in the sense that it is to be the place for the holy repose of the slumbering dead. This smooth and level lawn will soon begin to be ridged up into little mounds, and these mounds will all contain beneath them the sacred dust of the departed. Many of us, who are here to-day, with no peculiar feelings of solemnity and awe upon the spirit, should our lives long be spared, will come here at some future period with saddened and sorrowing hearts. And as we approach these little mounds, our bosoms will heave with uncontrolable emotion; and as we reflect upon our past associations, and friendships, and endearments, with those sleeping beneath the hallowed sod, our hearts will bleed anew, and our eyes will weep afresh. There are no spots upon the face of the earth which awaken such deep, absorbing, and soul-stirring emotions, as those within the sacred inclosure of the graveyard; for there is not a grave there that will not cause some heart to feel sad. And it some-

times happens that the very grave which, at first thought it might seem would awaken no emotion in any bosom, may be the very one that will awaken the most general sadness. There is a little grave in yonder graveyard that no one with human feelings can pass by without a deep drawn sigh. There may be persons with hearts of ice, who, as they pass, may cast upon it a glance of scorn and derision; but whoever has a human heart will have feelings of the deepest sadness as he passes by the grave of the lovely stranger. And when those other graves are removed here, who will remove that little grave, I do not know. But I hope some benevolent heart may prompt some kind hand to dig a little grave here, and place that coffin in it, that its little inmate may sweetly sleep here, in company, until the resurrection morning, when her guardian angel will come down from the skies, and bear her to her Saviour's bosom in heaven.

It might seem too, at first thought, *that the grave of the stranger* would awaken no particular sympathy; but when we should stand over that grave, and reflect that the silent sleeper there was sick, and sad, and died among strangers, far away from all the comforts and endearments of home; and through his lone sickness his sadness was made yet more sad when he thought of home, and reflected that had he but been there, his agitated spirit would have been soothed by a mother's kind voice and his aching head and throbbing temples would have been caressed by a loving sister's soft hand; or he would have been yet more tenderly nursed by a fond and gentle wife; when we thus think of the stranger, sick and sad, and dying far away from home, among strangers, we cannot but drop a sympathetic tear over his sleeping dust. Around the little mounds that will be raised here, some of us will gather, and our hearts will be stirred with the deepest and most overpowering emotions. The mother, at the pensive hour of twilight, when the heart is prone to be sad, will come here; and as she sits down by the side of the little grave, busy memory will go back to the time when the little sleeper was prattling in joyous glee, like a sweet bird of the morning; and she will remember how she gazed with intensest love upon that little face, lighted up with a smile as sweet and seraphic as if an angel's wing had fanned its little cheek, and left the beauty of heaven upon its little brow. And then her tears will flow faster than before. The wife just drooping in the mourner's crape for the death of her husband, will come here; and her heart will bleed, and her tears will fall, and her sighs will mingle with the sighing breeze, as she reflects that that manly heart that once beat so tenderly for her, now lies cold and

still in death, and that brow that used to be lighted up with such a glow of pleasure in the sunshine of her presence, is now as the cold and icy marble. The bereaved husband will come here, and the stern brow of care will unbend, and the big, manly tear will flow, as he thinks that the pride of his life, the joy of his heart, lies here in cold, unconscious slumberings; and as he remembers that the light of that eye which was wont to kindle into such sparkling joy when he spoke words of affection and tenderness, is now gone out in the darkness of death, another thrill of sorrow will vibrate through the very depths of his heart. So, parent and child, brother and sister, relative and friend, will come here at times to shed the mourner's tear at the shrine of bereaved affection. And though it is becoming and proper to plant by the grave of our departed friends the cypress which is the emblem of sadness, and the weeping willow the emblem of mourning; at the same time the grave should be enwreathed with flowers, planted there by the hand of love and watered with the tears of affection. And as these flowers bud and bloom afresh in the opening spring, they should remind us that the sleeping dust of the dead beneath the green sod will be awakened afresh on the resurrection morning to bud and bloom in eternal youth.

The grave has been frequently called the *mansion of the dead;* and it is the last resting-place of the weary pilgrim of earth. Many a trembling limb and aching heart, and throbbing brow, has been glad to obtain at last the repose of the grave. And as a place of calm repose after the toils of life are over, it has been called the mansion of the dead. But it has a strange and wonderful contrast with the mansion of the living. This mansion of the grave—it is but a narrow and gloomy spot. Thus Job says of it: "The grave is my house. I have made my bed in the darkness. I have said to corruption, thou art my brother, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister." This is the mansion of the dead—the narrow house of clay appointed for all the human family. But man, while living, may build himself an elegant mansion; he may erect it on some rising ground amid lofty oaks, and surround it with everything beautiful and ornamental: he may have his graveled walks and shady groves, and sparkling fountains and singing birds; beneath the lofty ceilings may hang the golden candelabrum, and the spacious apartments may all be ornamented with the richest and costliest works of art. He may make his abode the home of everything beautiful and enchanting; and after a few short years he must exchange it all for this narrow house of corruption and darkness. But if in life he was a good man; if he was a child of God; if he had accepted of Christ as his Sa-

viour and been born anew, and lived an humble, holy life; then, after a short slumber in this narrow house of clay, there awaits him another mansion, a mansion of glory, standing upon the golden shores of the sea of glass that laves the eternal throne of God;—a mansion radiant with the ineffable glories that beam upon it from the burning throne of Jehovah: grand, glorious, sublime, beyond all the powers of the human mind to form any conception of whatever. It is a mansion as infinitely surpassing all the splendors of the earthly mansion as the splenid earthly mansion surpasses this lowly mansion of the dead, this narrow house of corruption and darkness. And man's condition, as an occupant of the upper mansion, permitted as he will be to range forever over the illimitable fields of light and glory, taking his way from world to world and ranging from star to star, until he has paid a rejoicing visit to all the mighty myriads of worlds scattered over the infinite immensity—his condition there almost as far surpasses his condition while an occupant of his earthly mansion, as his condition in his splendid earthly mansion excels his condition in this lowly mansion of the dead. An old divine has said that "the grave is the dressing room of heaven. As when a gay assemblage are met together for an evening amusement, there is a dressing-room to which they go to array themselves in suitable attire to mingle in the gay throng; so the grave is the dressing room where we put off this frail and sickly body, and array ourselves in the spiritual celestial body, to mingle in the company of the redeemed in heaven.

All that we know of what transpires beyond the grave, is derived from the light of the Bible. The chill air of gloom and darkness hangs over the grave and no light of philosophy could ever dispel that gloom. Philosophy may teach us many things. It may shed its glowing beams upon many subjects and teach us many things interesting and profitable. But it can shed no light upon the question, "What is the condition of man beyond the grave?" As well might you take the feeble taper in your fingers and go out into the gloom of night and attempt to roll back the unbroken darkness of midnight from the face of the whole earth, as to attempt to make the light of philosophy dispel the gloom and darkness of the grave. Socrates did more than all others to force his way into the regions of future and spiritual manifestations. But mighty as he was in the unfoldings of philosophy, it lay not within his power to lift the mysterious curtain that hangs over the grave and intercepts between us and the future. He could kindle no torch that would shed its cheering light down into the darkness of the tomb and accompany the disembodied spirit on its dark and mysterious way into the regions of the

spirit land. But the Bible sheds its glowing light upon the gloomy darkness, and reveals to us the bright realm of infinite glory beyond. This guiding "star of eternity" throws its beaming light upon the pathway of the departing spirit, so that when we come to go down into the valley and shadow of death, we need fear no evil, for we have the promise of God's power and presence to sustain us.

The *cemetery has been called the city of the dead;* and, as in a living city, there are all conditions and ages, so in the city of the dead. As in the living city there is the aged man venerable for his years and dignity, who during a long life has labored in the cause of virtue and piety, extending the helping hand to the needy and destitute, speaking words of encouragement and kindness to the down-hearted and desponding, smiling in the sunset of life benignantly upon all. As we find such in the living city, so do we find those who have been of the same class, now slumbering in the city of the dead.

And as we find in the living city those of middle life in all the freshness of vigorous health, and yet all their bright hopes of earthly happiness withered and blasted like the summer rose plucked from its stem and wilting in the sun; or, more properly, like the young and vigorous tree all covered with green foliage, but with the canker-worm gnawing at its roots till its life is eaten away, and the tree now all blasted and withered. Just so do we find some whose fresh green hopes are all blighted while yet in the very morning of life. As we find such in the living city, so do we find those who have been of the same number now in the city of the dead. Their hopes, their happiness, their life, all blasted by some lightning flash of desolation.

And as in the living city too are those who have realized their brightest anticipations and their most ardent hopes, fluttering along day by day in exstacies of joyous life—the full sunshine of prosperity pouring upon their happy pathway of existence; so here, in the city of the dead, are those whose happy life was suddenly cut short by the ruthless hand of death.

In the living city the melodies of infant voices charm away the harsher cares of business; and these little rose-buds of existence are scattered through the garden of life, to bloom in beauty and make life happy. But how many of these lovely blossoms are cut down by the early frosts of death, and are buried here, and form a part of the city of the dead.

We are all marching on to the great congregation of the dead. As the poet has said:

"Art is lovely, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating,
Funeral marches to the grave."

Soon all that remains of our mortal bodies will repose here in silent rest. The tears of our kindred and friends will bedew the green sod that presses upon our bosom, and mingle their sighs with the evening breeze that sweeps over our graves. But though our bodies will sleep here in the dust, our life-history will have been imprinted upon the memories of those by whom we have been surrounded. Every important, and almost every unimportant act of life, will have been daguerreotyped upon their memories, and will exert an influence for good or for evil. As the artist by every additional touch of his pencil to the canvas, adds to the picture, giving new colorings and shades, developing new points and bringing out each feature more distinctly, so does each act of life add to the life-picture, carrying it on towards completion, until at length it will be finished by the touch of death. And then it will be hung up to public view in the gallery of public memory, and will exert a potent influence for good or for evil. If a chaste and beautiful picture, its influence will be for good. If vicious and depraved, its influence will be for evil, and only evil; and the influence, be it what it may, will be communicated onward and onward as long as time shall last. As when the glassy lake receives into its bosom a pebble, a wave is set in motion which will circle onward until it strikes the surrounding shore, so every act of your life puts in motion a wave of influence that will swell on and on until it strikes upon the shores of eternity. Though the partiality of friends shall inscribe upon the elegant marble at the head of your grave, a beautiful epitaph, if that epitaph is not true to the life, it will exert no influence for good. But the life-picture will be a true daguerreotype likeness of all the actions of life, and its influence will tell for good or for evil upon all who behold it.

This morning, the calm, bright skies spread their broad arch over us like the sheltering wing of an archangel. The morning breeze comes wafted to us from off the bosom of the broad ocean. The bright, warm sun showers his golden beams upon us, and yonder mountain lifts up its brow towards the heavens, as if to remind us of the power and majesty of Jehovah. But we shall behold a different morning from this. For at some future time this same calm sky will part asunder and the great white throne will descend with the eternal Jehovah seated there-

on. And from around that throne will unroll the clouds of glory that will spread out into space, as far as mortal eye can reach, and myriads upon myriads of expectant angels will take their seats upon these clouds of glory to witness the awful scenes about to transpire. And when the judgment is set, the archangel's trump will ring its death-awakening blast over the earth, and that blast will penetrate the ears of the slumbering dead and awaken them again to life. To those prepared for the Judgment, that trumpet blast will be sweet melody, and the scenes or that morning will be of enchanting beauty. Some of us will witness these scenes from this very spot. Let us so live that when we come to lie down to sleep our last sleep, we may close our eyes upon the light of earth with the joyous anticipation of a pleasant awakening on the resurrection morning.

TAKE HEART!

All day the stormy wind has blown
From off the dark and rainy sea;
No bird has past the window flown,
The only song has been the moan
The wind made in the willow tree.

This is the summer's burial time;
She died when dropped the earliest leaves
And cold upon her rosy prime
Fell down the Autumn's frosty rime—
Yet I am not as one that grieves.

For well I know o'er sunny seas
The blue-bird waits for April skies;
And at the roots of forest trees
The may-flower sleeps in fragrant ease
And violets hide their azure eyes.

O Thou, by winds of grief o'erblown
Beside some golden summer's bier,
Take heart! Thy birds are only flown,
Thy blossoms sleeping, tearful sown,
To greet thee in the immortal year!

—[*Dean.*

Death is only death as viewed from the earthly side; as viewed from the heavenly side, it is birth.

Trials.—Richter most beautifully observes that sorrow seems to be sent for our instruction, just as we darken the eyes of birds when we would teach them to sing. Are trials then, to be avoided, or if we could escape them, is it wise to do so? What would life be without them? Without trials, my friend, you would die only half a man. Your own strength you will never know till it is tried. Men do not learn to swim on the parlor table. They must go into the deep water and buffet with the waves. And each one must do it for himself. It is an art no one else can learn for us. Observation may encourage us, but every one of us must contend with the surges of life alone and for himself. The swimmers before us leave no marks or buoys for us. We must live and die bearing our own responsibility. But Christ is all sufficient, however heavy our burdens may be.

Profane Swearing is a palpable proof of the deep enmity of the human heart to God. It pays less than any other sin. It has not the miserable plea of temptation. It gratifies no passion; it satisfies no lust. It proves nothing as to a man's standing or birth, for the clown can swear as profanely as a lord. Nor is it any proof of honor, or courage, for the veriest poltroon can swear as profusely as "the army in Flanders." Taking God's name in vain is a most ungentlemanly and unprofitable practice. It is nothing but an outbreak of the over-restless enmity of the heart towards infinite holiness.

John Milton.—Twenty-eight different biographies are known to have been written of John Milton. This is more, perhaps, than has ever been written of any other man that has ever lived. These biographies are tinctured with every sort of opinion, political, poetical, moral and religious. They have proceeded from the pens of chartists, whigs, aristocrats, poets, antiquarians, divines, scholars, painters, churchmen and dissenters, and infidels. Milton was indeed "the most religious of mortals." Religion was his imperial theme, the controling and harmonizing idea of his life. No wonder, therefore, that he is held in everlasting remembrance. He was a positive reality, not a sham or a lie.

When I see a boy who never prays, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

CALVARY CHURCH, SABBATH EVENING, 17TH JULY, 1859, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

ALMOST three thousand years ago there was a large caravan conducted through the deserts of Arabia to Jerusalem. A queen is traveling to the holy city with a very great train, with camels and dromedaries, and servants bearing the precious products of her own country and the acquisitions of commerce. And when the distinguished visitor arrives, a day is set for her appearance before the wisest king that ever sat on a throne. But who is she, and whence is she? And wherefore does she come? And what is the result of her visit? Listen, and you shall learn. Let us read the history from 1 *Kings* x:1-13. It is duplicated in 2 *Chron.* ix:1-12.:

AND when the Queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon, concerning the name of the Lord, she came to prove him with hard questions. And she came to Jerusalem with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones; and when she was come to Solomon, she communed with him of all that was in her heart. And Solomon told her all her questions; there was not anything hid from the king, which he told her not. And when the queen of Sheba had seen all Solomon's wisdom, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cup-bearers, and his ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord; there was no more spirit in her. And she said to the king, it was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and, behold, the half was not told me; thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these, thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom. Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel; because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice. And she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones; there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon. And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug trees, and precious stones. And the king made of the almug trees pillars for the house of the Lord, and for the king's house harps also and psalteries for singers; there came no such almug trees, nor were seen unto this day. And king Solomon gave unto the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants.

I. *Who was the queen of Sheba?*

To answer this question satisfactorily a few preliminary points should be briefly considered.

1. According to our translators the *Sebaiim*, that is, the *Sabæans*, are the descendants of Seba, or Saba, son of Cush, who settled in Ethi-

opia.—*Gen.* x:7; 1 *Chron.* 1-9. If this be correct, then the land of Cush as the Hebrews called it, is the same as the Ethiopia of the Greeks and Romans, which is in Africa—the Ethiopia of our day, but as we shall see presently this is not the Sheba of the text.

2. *The Shebaiim* are the descendants of Sheba, son of Joktan, and to be distinguished altogether from the former, the Sebaiim. These *Shebaiim*, are called by the Greeks and Romans Sabaæi, and dwelt in Arabia Felix. In *Joel* iii:8, they are called Sabeans, the people who were to buy captives of Tyre from the Jews.

3. And again, from *Job* i:15, we learn that a wandering race, or robber band, *Bedaween* as they are now called, in his day were known as Sabæans; but whether the Sabæans of Job came from Cush, Edom or Arabia, we cannot tell. And our trouble is only increased by finding that there is another race having a progenitor of the same name. That is, we have *Seba*, son of Cush, *Shaba*, son of Joktan, and then we have another Seba, Sheba or Saba, son of Jokshan, grandson of Abraham by Keturah, as you may learn from *Gen.* xxv:33; and his children appear to have been "men of the wilderness," and in this, like their kinsmen of Dedan, Ephah and Midian.

It is an oriental custom to designate a man by saying that he is father of such a one, or is of such a town, and particularly if there is more than one person of the same name. A familiar example is Judas Iscariot, or Mary Magdalene. *Queen of Sheba* is then a proper designation.

But as if we were never to be done with confusion about this term, *Sabæans*, it is also applied to the star-worshippers of Asia, and also to a sect in the East who are sometimes called Mandanites. As to "the land of Cush," about which so much has been said, Bochart places it exclusively in Arabia, and Gesenius exclusively in Africa; while others, as Michælis and Rosenmuller, think there was an African and an Arabian Cush, and some even think another land of Cush lay on the Persian Gulf. That Ethiopia in Africa may be considered as "the land of Cush," is perhaps admitted by most. Mizraim and Cush, that is, Egypt and Ethiopia, are often found classed together.—*Isa.* xi:11; xx:4; xliii:3; xlv:14; *Ps.* lxviii:31; *Nahum* iii:9. Then it is also plain, that the land of Cush or Ethiopia is sometimes spoken of in regard to the people thereof, in such a way as to render it clear they must have dwelt in the Arabian peninsula. And from this fact we conclude that Cushites (Ethiopian) were found in Arabia as well as in Africa, and perhaps also wandering tribes of the same people were to be found in

Idumea and on the Persian gulf. Now in the light of these facts, we are at no loss to explain the frequent, and sometimes apparently contradictory allusions made in the Scriptures and in ancient writings, to Ethiopia and Cush. Our translators considered Cush as meaning Ethiopia; but Ethiopia, as known to the Greeks and Romans, admitted of a widely different application than the Hebrew term, Cush. From its etymology it can be applied to any country whose inhabitants were of a *sunburnt* complexion. Whatever other applications, then, the term may or may not have had, we conclude that the land of Cush or Ethiopia meant the country now called Nubia and Senaar or the kingdom of ancient Meroë. Various races are found in that region of Africa, at the present day, and so also in former times, as the Berbers, the Macrobians, Nubians, Dongolians and the Cushites, "who are men of stature," and "handle the shield." Bruce and other travelers, down to our own Taylor, have described the country and its people. Temples, tombs and pyramids of a remote period are in proof of its ancient civilization, wealth and power, although the evidence is now complete that the civilization of Egypt was introduced *from India, and not from Ethiopia.* These matters have been amply discussed by the learned from the days of Herodotus to our own, and especially by Heeren and Osborne. Josephus says that the ancient name of Meroë was Seba, and we find Seba of Africa and Sheba of Arabia classed together in the Bible as rich, but far-distant lands. Thus *Ps.* lxxii:10; *Isa.* xliii:3, and xlv:14, where God says to his people, "I have given Egypt for thy ransom; Cush and Seba in thy stead." "The wealth of Egypt, and the merchandise of Cush and of the Sebaim, men of stature, shall pass over to thee and shall be thine."

The temples and cities, wealth and power of Ethiopia (Heb. Cush.) are often alluded to in the Bible and by ancient writers. In the kingdom of Meroë were the "Oracles of Ammon." Cambyses failed to subdue the Ethiopians. Tradition says that Moses first distinguished himself in the service of Pharoah by leading an expedition from Egypt against the Ethiopians. The period of the greatest glory of this country ranges from 700 to 800 before Christ. In 2 *Chronicles*, xxxii:23, "many peoples" are said to have brought gifts unto Jehovah at Jerusalem, and presents to king Hezekiah, so that he was magnified in the sight of all the nations, and among these it is fair to conclude were the Ethiopians. In the reign of Asa, king of Judah, say B. C. 950, we read that a king of Ethiopia went out against him with an army of a thousand men and three hundred chariots.—2 *Chron.* xiv:9. This army

must have been from Africa, for war-chariots were never in use in Arabia. It is also worthy of being remembered that in several passages of the Old Testament the conversion of Ethiopia to the true religion is foretold, and accordingly we are able to point to the fulfilment of these predictions of the Hebrew prophets.—*Isa.* xlv:14; *Zeph.* iii:10; *Ps.* lxviii:32; lxxxvii:4. If the prophets meant their conversion to Judaism, or their subsequent conversion to Christianity, we believe history will abundantly sustain them. The Queen Candace of *Acts* viii:27 was doubtless the reigning sovereign of Meroë, and that she was converted to Christianity by her treasurer is probable, and is, in fact, the prevailing tradition of that country and of all the East to this day. It is in proof abundantly that in both ancient and modern times this country has been under the rule of female sovereigns. The fathers, *Irenæus* and *Eusebius*, both assert that Candace was converted to Christianity by her minister, who was converted by Philip, and that by her the whole kingdom was brought under the influence of Christianity, and it so contiues to this day. *Jeremiah* speaks of a celebrated individual Ebed-me-lech, who was an Ethiopian.—xxxvi:7. In ancient times the carrying trade was chiefly in the hands of the Ethiopians, and hence their grandeur. Everything that has come to light in modern times, from the monuments of the Upper Nile as well as from Egypt, confirms our ecclesiastical traditions and our holy records in all they say of this part of the world.

Josephus says that the queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, was also a queen of Egypt and Ethiopia; and this is according to Abyssinian tradition also; but the only way in which this can be true, is to suppose that as queen of Arabia Felix, she had extended her dominions over Egypt and to Ethiopia. Nor am I aware of any fact that would contradict this, for it is true, that some of the sovereigns of Arabia have been very powerful, and it is also in proof that they did sometimes extend their sovereignty across the Red Sea, even as far as Ethiopia. On the whole, then, we wish to repeat and settle the matter once for all, as far as we are able, that it seems to us that much of the contradiction that is found in the books on this subject, is owing to the confounding of these names, Seba, Saba and Sheba, as if they were always to be considered as synonymous. And this confusion can be the more readily accounted for from the fact, that though the Hebrew letters with which they begin find their correspondent in our letter "s," yet they are altogether different letters (Sameck and Shin). According to Keil, *in loco*, who refers to Bochart, Rosenmuller and Gesenius, for proofs,

Sheba (with Shin), and Seba (with Sameck), are not the same names at all, and are never in the Bible applied to the same country. He asserts, and correctly as it seems to us, that *Sheba* in the Old Testament is always used to designate the kingdom of the Sabæans, whose capital was Saba, which we take to be the same as the Greek *Mariaba*, and that the country of the queen who visited Solomon, was Arabia Felix. And according to the same authorities Seba denotes Meroë, or Ethiopia in Africa. Our Lord calls her *the queen of the south.* But by this we may understand any country lying south of Palestine, as Arabia Felix or the African Ethiopia. Oriental scholars quite generally agree in saying that the various names by which the country of this queen is designated, as Saba, Azab, Azaba, Seba and Yemen—all signify *the south.* Bochart followed by Kitto, and many others, therefore say that "queen of the south," is the same as queen of Yemen, that is, of Arabia Felix. The expression "uttermost parts of the earth," is a familiar phrase for any distant land, or unknown and undefined region. Had California and Australia been known at all in those days, they would rightly have been called the "uttermost parts of the earth," as in fact they are to this day. Or if, as some contend, this expression signifies a country surrounded by the ocean, still it may be applied to Arabia Felix, for it is nearly surrounded by the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea. The commodities that she brought to Solomon might have been purchased, and besides, they were common to a large part of Africa and of Asia. Nothing definitely, therefore, can be urged from them as to her country; but as far as they furnish the material for an argument, they are in favor of Yemen. It is possible, as we have already intimated, that in the days of Solomon the dominions of the queen of Yemen may have extended across the Red Sea, and up the Nile, and over all Ethiopia. If so, there is no difficulty in harmonizing the multitudinous traditions of Arabia Felix and of Abyssinia, that is, of Ethiopia. As far as we comprehend the meaning of the *Targum*, that calls this royal visitor "the queen of Zemargad," it favors our views.

The Hebrews usually understood Cush to be the southern part of Arabia. As in *Numbers* xii:1, where Moses' wife is called an Ethiopian (Heb. Cushite). But Moses married a woman of Arabia and not of Africa. And from *Hab.* iii:7 compared with 2d *Chron.* xxi:16; xiv: 9, we learn that Cushan and Midian were countries adjacent, if not identical. If the context and connexion require that the Hebrew Cush should mean the African Ethiopia, or the oriental Cush, that is, Susiana in our day, the region first settled by the descendants of Cush, the

eldest son of Ham and father of Nimrod; or southern Arabia, then we are authorized to give it that signification. The queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, we suppose to have been queen of Arabia Felix, (Yemen), at the time that the Arabian kingdom extended over the Red Sea, and up the Nile, and to Ethiopia in Africa. On the whole, then, all the cavils that unbelievers have raised against Moses and the Old Testament historians about Cush and Ethiopia, are wholly removed, if we consider, as we believe we are fully entitled to do, the facts, that Cushites meant a people of a brown or sun-burnt complexion, without fixing the country of their birth. This appellation might, therefore, be applied to many peoples of Africa and Asia. And accordingly the land of Cush, or Ethiopia, seems to have meant a country east of Arabia, say on the Persian gulf; Arabia itself; and the African kingdom of Meroë. And wanderers in Idumea, or the land of Uz and elsewhere, were called Sabæans, and perhaps Ethiopians or Cushites. On this subject, and for a full account of the traditions of the questions the queen put to Solomon, and how he answered them, we refer you to Kitto's Bible Illustrations on the passage, as perhaps the most readily obtained and most satisfactory.

II. *Why did she visit Solomon?* "And when the queen of Sheba heard of the fame of Solomon concerning the name of the LORD, she came to prove him with hard questions."—*Verse* 1.

It is evident she was a person of learning, and interested especially in the kind of learning that then prevailed most in the world. She came to satisfy herself whether the rich prince that had gathered so much wealth from her country and her neighbors, was really the learned man his reputation made him. She came to try him in all those sorts of questions, parables or allegories—such, no doubt, as Nathan had taught to Solomon. For though God gave Solomon wisdom, it was not without the use of means. We must remember, also, that there was a constant stream of travel in those days, from the Tyrians and Jews to the Red Sea, Persian gulf and African coasts. Solomon's Ophir voyages are vouched for by the traditions of all the surrounding countries. The Abyssinian, Arab, Moor and Pagan, all speak of the intercourse of the people of Canaan in ancient times, especially in Solomon's day, with Africa. These Ophir fleets probably put into the ports of Yemen both in their outward bound and homeward voyages, and from them the queen doubtless learned much concerning the wealth, learning and wisdom of the king, their master. It is true that conjectures are almost

endless as to where Ophir was. Josephus says it was the Indies; but what does he mean by the Indies? Perhaps he meant Sumatra. Calmet says Ophir was in Armenia; others in Spain; in Zanzebar; in India; Ceylon; Arabia; Peru, and even in California. I do not know where. But wherever it was, the conjecture of old Ephraim Cyrus, that the voyages to and from Ophir, were the means of carrying Solomon's fame to the ears of the queen of Sheba, seems to us a very probable one.

Concerning the name of the Lord, in the first verse, is a peculiar and difficult phrase. Some, as Movers, consider it superfluous, and suppose it to have crept into the text by some careless abbreviator. But we discover no authority for this opinion, except the very satisfactory one, that its advocates confess they do not understand the clause. Others, as De Wette and Maurer, say it means that Solomon's fame promoted the glory of Jehovah—*in gloriam Jovæ*, According to the Septuagint, Syriac and Arabic, *concerning* should be *and*, (the Hebrew *le* having been used in the sense of *ve*.) If this can be sustained, the sense is plain. The queen heard of the fame of Solomon *and of the name of the Lord*. No less an authority than Keil renders it thus: "by the name, or in regard to the name of Jehovah." Then the clause signifies that the fame of Solomon was so connected with the name of the LORD, that the queen in hearing of his wisdom heard also of his God, and knew that it was from Him that he had obtained such extraordinary knowledge, From the history of the Philistines and Egyptians, and also of Hiram, and of the heathen in later times, it is clear the name and some knowledge of the mighty works of Jehovah among his people, was known among the surrounding nations. Some recognition of Jehovah as the God of the Hebrews, was consistent with polytheism.

She came to prove him with hard questions. In my lectures on Samson, "the Hebrew Giant Judge," I have shown that it was an ancient custom for princes and others, at feasts and on various public occasions, to try each other's sagacity and skill by proposing curious and difficult questions. Classic writers abound in proofs and illustrations of this. "Hard questions" here seems to mean parables, riddles and the like. According to some statements in Josephus, (*Antiq.* viii and *Ap.* i,) Solomon had a great encounter with Hiram in solving riddles. We know indeed from the sacred text, that he was distinguished for his proverbs and wise sayings. And we know that such exercises were as familiar to the Arabs as chess-playing is with us. The great lexicographer, Freytag, published at Bonn, 1838, Meidani's great collection of Ali Ben Abi Taleb, consisting of six thousand proverbs. No poet is considered

worth reading among the Arabs who does not interweave his poems with wise sayings. A large portion of the old traditions of the east are preserved in their proverbs, and to the present day, it is a common saying in the East, "yonder comes that old Arab with a proverb in his mouth." And Solomon told her all her questions; there was not anything hid from the king, which he told her not. The fables, riddles, problems and apologues, were all alike easy to him. "And when the queen had seen all Solomon's wisdom," etc.—*Verses* 4 and 5. "And there was no more spirit in her. *She was beside herself from astonishment.*" (Keil.) She was simply overcome with what she saw and heard of Solomon's wisdom, riches and glory. He answered all her questions and showed her his palace and the temple. And she was astonished also at the various orders and grandeur of his officers, his ministers of state, and his cup-bearers, and their apparel, and the manner of their ascending the steps up unto the house of the Lord. From this last expression we may suppose she witnessed Solomon's sacrifices and worship in the temple. The eighth and ninth chapters set forth the profusion of his sacrifices. It is, however, not necessary to the evangelical interpretation of Scripture, that we should understand that the queen was then "struck down with conviction of sin," or overwhelmed by any supernatural influence. Such a meaning is not to be found in the text. The effect on her was natural. Such a sight, such productions of art, and such a display of wealth, and such profusion in religious worship, might well produce a powerful effect on a delicate mind and susceptible heart. Dr. Clarke says that he once saw a precisely parallel case. A lady, who was herself an artist, was so struck on seeing some exquisitely finished original paintings, that she was obliged to leave the room. The general belief of Jewish authors is that she was converted to the true religion. There is nothing, at least, against this opinion, but much in its favor. As to the argument that she could not have been converted, because she did not offer sacrifices, we have only to ask for the proof that she did not do so. May not some things have been omitted? We know that she confessed that half had not been told her, and that she praised Jehovah, and congratulated the people on having such a God and such a king, and Solomon on being the object of so much sovereign goodness. All this looks to us like the fruits of a true apprehension of the character of God. It is true her name is not recorded in the Bible, nor are the names of many other women who lived in olden times, who were nevertheless distinguished for their piety. The Arabs

call her Balkis, and the Abyssinians say her name was Maqueda, but all agree she was converted to Judaism.

According to the Arabian traditions, the queen's presents to Solomon were magnificent beyond anything ever seen in the world. Her embassadors were followed by a large number of maidens and young men, and then came the servants with carpets wrought with gold and silver, and a crown composed of the finest pearls and hyacinths, and many loads of musk, amber and aloes, and pearls, and diamonds, and crystals. The talents of gold have been estimated as high as *four millions* of dollars, and the spices and precious stones are supposed to have been of much greater value. According to Pliny and Virgil, Arabia Felix was noted for its riches and spices, gold and silver, and precious wood and stones; but myrrh, gold, cassia, frankincense and precious stones were common to Arabia, India and Africa in those days, so that nothing definite as to her country is to be learned from her gifts. She could have purchased them, if they were not the products of her own country. It is also well known that an extensive trade was carried on in these products in those days, by Greeks and Israelites.

III. *The king's reception and reciprocation.* He gave unto the queen "all her desire, whatever she asked, beside that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty." That is, he acted right royally—as became Solomon. His gifts then, were not the things which she had brought to him. That would have been an insult. It is an oriental custom for friends, great personages and kings, to show their riches and ingenuity, in *an interchange of gifts.* No doubt, therefore, Solomon's gifts were the products of Judea, or such as he had procured from distant lands; such as would be curiosities in the queen's country. He gave her of his own royal bounty. See 1 *Kings*, x:13, and 2 *Chron.* ix:12. The tradition is that Solomon made this queen one of his wives, and that she had a son by Solomon whose name was *Menilek*, who was brought up at his court, and succeeded his mother on the throne of Sheba, and that by his mother and himself the Jewish religion was established, and continued the established religion of that country till it was converted to Christianity. Nor are traditions wanting that descendants of Solomon, from his son Menilek, are still to be found in that country. Josephus is positive on these points, and so also is Grotius. The traditions of Ethiopia are that this young man was crowned as their king in the Temple of Jerusalem by his father Solomon. Bochart with a great deal of learning decides that the Ethiopian traditions about the queen

of Sheba are much more reliable than any others.—2 *Phil.* c 26. She is said to have reigned forty years. Her death is thought to have occurred about 986 before our era.

LESSONS.

Our Lord commends this queen for her diligence in seeking wisdom, and confirms the essential portions of our history. It was not mere curiosity, then, but an earnest desire to gain knowledge, the knowledge of God, that prompted her to visit Jerusalem. "The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here."—*Matth.* xii:42.

1. In the days of king Solomon, and long before and for ages afterwards, one of the chief means of acquiring knowledge was to travel from country to country, visiting the seats of learning or the cities renowned for their men of wisdom. Traveling and public lecturing are old methods for the acquisition of knowledge. Euclid and Plato went to Egypt to study, and Herodotus and Homer recited their productions in public assemblies. And even in the dark ages, and in more modern times, long journeys and dangerous voyages have been made in search of wisdom. Within a few months two distinguished men of science have finished their earthly pilgrimage, who began their pursuit of knowledge, if I am not mistaken, by laborious travel. And though the multiplication of books and the diffusion of knowledge by the press, has made an extensive acquaintance with the world, more easy than in former ages, yet a more close and direct intercommunion of nations is on many accounts very desirable. It may not be so essential now for the attainment of a liberal education, to travel as in past ages: it may be that Christian students are not pressed with motives so great to travel over the earth in search of religious truth, as the sages of old did: yet the advantages of a personal knowledge of different countries and nations, are still very great. International acquaintance removes many prejudices, and has a powerful influence to promote trade and good fellowship. While we rejoice, then, that the Press brings home to our doors the results of the wisdom and learning of the world, and especially that we have by the Press of our day, the Word of Life in all our houses, and translated into so many living tongues. We should remember that in former times those who were in search of truth, had to seek it by travel and through many perils. There came people from

all the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon, and behold, a greater than Solomon is here. The queen of Sheba will give testimony against us, if we neglect to hear Moses and the prophets, Christ and his apostles. She sought wisdom with great zeal and at much expense and pain. But Christ, the wisdom of God is offered to you in your own houses. He came from heaven to be the way, the truth and the life. He came, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

2. The queen's estimate of God's service is to be learned from the high appreciation she put upon the privileges of Solomon's people. *Happy*, said she, *are thy people! Happy are these thy servants!* Solomon's father has told us that it is better to be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

3. Let us learn whence cometh all true wisdom and glory. The queen was correct in ascribing all Solomon's greatness to the favor of God. *Blessed*, said she, *be the Lord thy God, who delighted in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel forever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice.* This was a noble exhortation to the king and to his people, to thank God for all his goodness to them, and to remember that the wisdom and wealth, power and glory of both the king and the people, were God's gifts. God delighted in Solomon as king over his people, and in this was his happiness. The favor of God is the only abiding and true glory. It maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.

4. The queen of Sheba in so far as she was a sincere seeker after wisdom is a proper model for us. In our day men usually travel for health or for gain, or for the attainment of such knowledge of the world, the products and markets of different portions of the earth, as will enable them the better to make money by trading; but this queen traveled for the nobler purpose of gaining wisdom. Perhaps, indeed, as we have ventured to think, it was chiefly to gain the knowledge of Jehovah, the one only living and true God, that she came to Jerusalem. If so, the case is a very interesting one. The fame of Solomon had reached her kingdom. She is told of his wealth and wisdom, but especially of the temple and its service, and of the glory of Jehovah that filled it; and she is seized with a great desire to know more about these things. And accordingly, at much expense and toil she makes the journey to Jerusalem, and *in seeking she finds.* Happily for us, we have houses of worship at our doors. We have not to travel across the continent, or to make a long voyage, to hear the Gospel. In Christ are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and He is set forth be-

fore us in the Gospel of the grace of God. The true wisdom is nigh unto us. It is the Word of God revealing unto us the truth as it is in Jesus.

Some men are always going to do something, who nevertheless do nothing, at least nothing to purpose. But does the loom of life ever stop? The pattern that it was weaving when you went to sleep, it is weaving when you rise in the morning; and if you neglect your duty at any time, you are breaking a thread in the loom that will mar the cloth and discover a flaw, even after you may have forgotten how and when it was caused. In trying to be happy without the true wisdom, you are seeking the living among the dead. You are searching for treasures where there are none to be found. In trying to win heaven by your decency and mere morality, you are like sailors at sea in a tempest, who pull with all their might, some at the main-mast and some at the bow-sprit, but leave the helm untouched. No; Christ is the way, the truth and the life. Nor is there any other. Nor is any other needed. He is able. He is willing. Doubt no more. "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast."

PRAYER.

Almighty God, we adore thee for the wisdom thou hast given to thy servants in ages past for the guidance and government of thy holy church. We bless thee for the history of the wise king of Israel which thou didst cause to be written, and hast caused to be preserved to our times, and to be translated out of the original tongue into our own. We bless thee that his fame concerning thy great name has been spread through the earth and has reached us. Grant unto us, we humbly beseech thee, grace to remember and improve the instruction we have now received from thy Holy Word. May it do us good, and yield in us an abundant harvest unto thy glory and the salvation of our own souls, through our Lord Jesus Christ. As the queen was filled with wonder at the wisdom, wealth and splendor of thy servant, so may our minds be filled with adoring gratitude and love at the discovery of the wisdom and grace, majesty and glory that dwell in Immanuel Jesus. Open our eyes to see his loveliness. Open our hearts to receive his heavenly grace. And do thou grant unto our fellow-men an understanding heart that they may admire the beauty of Zion, and seek to partake in the happiness of those that worship thee. Animate, especially, we beseech thee, the bosoms of thy aged servants with the hope of soon departing to the glory which the great Redeemer has prepared for them. Give

unto them abundant consolation amid the gathering infirmities of old age. Make us all to rejoice more and more in the hope of eternal life in glory, where we shall see thee as thou art, and serve thee as we ought. Graciously hear us, and grant us acceptance in thy sight, for Jesus' sake, and thine shall be all the glory, world without end. Amen.

SCOTCH SONG.

"THE LAND O' THE LEAL." *

I'M WEARIN' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John:
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.

There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye've been leal † and true, John;
Your task is ended now, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn is there, John,
She was baith guid and fair, John:
And we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.

Sorrow's sel wears past, ‡ John;
And Joy is comin' fast, John:
Joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, John;
My soul langs to be free, John;
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.

A' our friends are gane, John;
We' ve lang been left alane, John;
We'll a' meet again
In the land o' the leal.

Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's care is vain, John;
We'll meet and aye be fain §
In the land o' the leal.

* The land of rest. † Faithful. ‡ Sorrow itself is passing away. § Happy.

IS THE EXPOSITOR ENCOURAGED?

This question has been put to us a great many times since we begun this work, and by the blessing of God and the favor of the people, our answer is, Yes, we are encouraged, and giving thanks to God, we are resolved to go ahead. In the beginning of such an undertaking there is always considerable anxiety and much labor that grows less as the machinery gets to working smoothly. But as yet, our receipts have not enabled us to employ a clerk, and consequently the physical labor, as well as the mental toil, has fallen upon us. But most cheerfully will we do everything we can to make the Expositor a preacher of the Gospel, especially where there is no other. Every hour's experience and observation increases our conviction of the importance of the work. We consider it next to the pulpit; indeed, *a paper-pulpit for the family and the solitary!*

We have already expressed our thanks to our cotemporaries for the kind manner in which they have received us. It is not necessary we should copy what they have said; but as specimens of the light in which the Expositor is viewed by our brethren and friends in the interior of the State, and of the way in which we are encouraged, let the following illustrate:

The first money paid for the Expositor, after the first number was published, was contributed by a woman that makes her living by serving in a family. She brought five dollars, saying: "I have not much time to read myself, and I am besides unsettled and have no home; but I wish to give this to the cause, and hope your magazine will have a large circulation, for I believe it will do great good."

Next a young gentleman came and paid three dollars, saying "My father will think more of this than anything else I can send him: mail it to Dr. ——, an elder in the Presbyterian Church."

A widowed mother of the city, when she paid her subscription, said: "I wish I was able to pay you for *fifty* copies to be circulated among my friends. It is just the reading to do them good."

A young lady who supports herself by her own industry, brought three dollars and said: "I can buy the numbers as they come out for myself; take this, and send the Expositor to preach to somebody in the mountains." "Well," we inquired, "but to whom shall we send it." "O, to any one in the mountains that can read, and is not within reach of a church on Sunday."

A minister from the mountains says: (1st August, 1859.) "Reverend and Dear Sir.—The PACIFIC EXPOSITOR is at hand. I hail it with great delight, and believe me, I shall do all I can for its circulation. We needed something of the kind. I hope and pray it will meet with success. * *

Another writes from ——, (August 10th.) "I thank you for the first number of the PACIFIC EXPOSITOR. I have subscribed and paid for a copy to the gentleman who is canvassing for you. Would that I had the means to pay for *one hundred* copies. It is just the kind of reading I would like to see the families of this place, and our citizens generally, have access to every month. They would find it a most pleasant, wholesome and substantial spiritual *pabulum*. I like your aim and scope as set forth in the Prospectus. It is well exemplified in the first number. It more than realizes what the Prospectus encourages to expect. The *Minister's Platform* is an able and eloquent presentation of what the true and faithful ambassador of Christ ought to be, know, do, believe and preach. I would not take from it a single plank. I most cordially subscribe to every word of it. All the rest is good, interesting, fresh and profitable reading. I was much pleased with the *Lessons from Solomon's Temple*. I am confident the EXPOSITOR in your hands, will do a great, a good, and much needed work—conveying to its readers much precious instruction 'in thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' God bless you in this new but great undertaking. Yours most sincerely."

We thank this brother for this and other kind things which he had the goodness to say, but especially for the promise of a sermon from him on a favorite theme for our October number. We shall hold him to his promise.

Another brother writing from ——, says: "I am much pleased with the EXPOSITOR; I wish I could send you a hundred subscribers, and that it might have thousands of readers. It will do great good in California."

A minister from Washington Territory sending his subscription, says: "I am exceedingly rejoiced that you are engaged in so great and good a work. I most heartily unite in the prayer that God would bless the undertaking."

An officer of the U. S. Army, commanding a post on the frontier, writes: "I have taken the liberty to enclose herewith three dollars for the EXPOSITOR. Its design happily anticipates our wants, as we have no religious instruction here of any Protestant persuasion."

A lady writes from a mountain town: "I thank God that he put it into your heart to send us such a *missionary* as the EXPOSITOR. We have no Sunday, no Sabbath-school and no minister. This is the very thing by which to preach the Gospel among us. I will go myself as your agent among the miners, and into their camps and cabins, and I think they will hardly refuse a lady a subscription for such a work."

A gentleman, in sending us *forty* paying subscribers, says: "I know every man, woman and child in this county, and I am determined they shall know something of the EXPOSITOR." [We should like to have such an agent as this in every county of the State.—ED.]

A young man who has been away from his mother nine or ten years, came and paid a year's subscription to have the EXPOSITOR sent to her, saying: "I am sure I cannot send her any thing that will please her so much."

THESE are only a few of the many words of encouragement which we have had, every one of which made us feel more and more desirous of making our work such as God's people might approve of and his Holy Spirit would bless.

Since the foregoing was in type, another minister has written us, saying: "I have read the second number of the EXPOSITOR. Superior as was the first number to most religious monthlies—the second is far in advance of it. It is rich, instructive, interesting, fragrantly spiritual, and luscious as our mountain peaches, which just now are very abundant and very superior. I tremble a little for your next number. I do not see how you can make it equal the last. Intellectually and religiously, it is a decided credit, not only to the editor, but to the city and State. *If welcomed and read in every family and cabin throughout the State, as it deserves to be, it would prove a most effectual preacher, teaching from house to house, after the Apostolic manner.* May God strengthen you and keep you girded for the work."

PATRIOTISM.

The land we from our fathers had in trust,
  We to our children will transmit, or die;
  This is our maxim, this our piety;
And God and Nature say that it is just.

We read the dictate in the infant's eye,
  In the wife's smile, and in the placid sky;
  And at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that went before us!

AN ENGLISH MORTARA CASE.

A CASE is described in the *Edinburgh Witness* that presents some points and is the occasion of some remarks that are of deep interest to us. The facts are on this wise. A lady's maid residing with her mistress, in Naples, being a British subject and a Protestant, gave birth to a child, and the priests immediately took it upon themselves to insist on baptizing this child into the Roman Catholic Church. To this the mother, a Presbyterian, objected; but the priests persisted and "forcibly abstracted the child from the mother, and baptized it." And in consequence of this violence the child died. This is the case according to the allegations of the Scotch papers, and it has accordingly produced considerable excitement, and meetings have been held and addresses made calling this "a great outrage on the rights of British subjects," and demanding that the government shall inquire into it.

We, of course, know nothing of the case, except as we find it in the papers referred to. But the remarks of a writer in the *Witness*, are of such a nature as to deserve our attention. They relate to great international, and political, and religious principles. The writer affirms that by the law of God, both as written in the Bible and in the human heart, the subjects of a kingdom are those that are born in it or who go to reside *voluntarily* in it. And that in this case, Ferdinand the Second is king of Naples with as much divine authority as her majesty Victoria is queen of Great Britain, and that this lady's maid in choosing to reside in Naples, made herself for the time being subject to the laws of that kingdom, and must look to it for protection. And moreover, that the call upon the government to inquire into this alleged outrage, means that it is to use the army and the navy to obtain redress. And in regard to this the writer very forcibly and pertinently asks: "Was this baptism per force by Romish priests of the child of a Protestant mother, a *political* or a *religious* act? If political, and sanctioned by government, then it might be regarded as an insult to England. But the writer concludes that it cannot be regarded as a political act, and was not intended as an insult to Great Britain. "It must then, be viewed as a *religious* act, at least in the estimation of the priests. In that act they were performing a duty which they thought their Church required from them, which their civil government did not forbid, and which, through a false education, they no doubt felt to be binding upon their consciences. That they are in error I doubt not; but the question is,

how shall their error be corrected? Shall we slay it with the edge of the sword, or blow it out of their brains with cannon-balls? Doctor Wylie and the Scottish Reformation Society say: 'Yes; let us make it a political, not a religious question, and put it into the hands of the civil government, and then that most certain way of enlightening men, an army and a navy, may be resorted to in all probability.' If these are not their words, it appears to me what they mean. And what is the principle involved? The principle of action virtually recommended by Dr. Wylie, is that which the Papists adopted in burning Protestant heretics at the Reformation, and which the Church of England adopted in imprisoning Non-conformists a century or more afterwards. The principle is that of *appealing to the civil government, and to the physical force it can wield, to correct religious error, and prevent those acts of which that error is the cause.* Alas! after protesting for three hundred years that Roman Catholics ought not to burn men for religious opinions, and those acts to which opinion give birth—that truth should be the only weapon used to conquer error—shall we ask the British Government—which means the army and navy—to enlighten these benighted but probably sincere priests, and convert them from their error! Let the Protestant Reformation Society undertake this work, with its Bible as a sufficient weapon, and in the spirit of prayer, and it will ultimately succeed; but to appeal to the civil power, is to renounce Protestantism for Popery."

The Pacific Methodist.—In the last number of this excellent newspaper there is an earnest appeal to its friends for help in extending its circulation, and we hope the appeal will not be in vain. The editor truly says the "people will read, and if not supplied with what is good, they will take what is bad." There is no people on earth so much under the influence of periodical and newspaper reading, as the Americans. Large books and long and learned articles are not so much read, and consequently their influence is more limited. But our magazines and newspaper literature is almost as omnipresent as the atmosphere. It enters into our daily life as regularly as our morning coffee. It is alarming to think how many men there are among us who read nothing but the daily paper and the prices current from month to month, and from year to year. But these facts only the more enhance the importance of supplying the people with a cheap but elevating literature. We have always approved of our neighbor's paper; because it has been, we

think, free from personal abuse, and from factions and isms. We like its platform, and its tone and style. And we like its honesty in acknowledging its denominational character and purposes. It seeks no patronage under false colors, or false pretensions. Its own flag streams at its mast-head. *This* is what we like.

Just and Liberal.—We are happy to learn that the First Presbyterian Church of New Orleans, which we had the honor and happiness to serve many years in the Gospel, have bought a parsonage for their pastor, the Rev. Dr. Palmer, for which they have paid fifteen thousand dollars. This is liberal and it is just. The Rev. Dr. Palmer is eminently worthy of such proofs of esteem, and it will be all the better for the congregation to minister to his temporal comforts, while he dispenses to them the true riches of the blessed Gospel. For many years it has been our deep conviction that the Presbyterian Church on Lafayette Square, New Orleans, is one of the noblest and best congregations in the world. Their officers are the *imperial guard* of the pastor, and its members truly a sacramental host. May God Almighty cause his face to shine upon them all forever.

We observe also among numerous items of liberality towards laborious ministers, that the First Presbyterian Church of Natchez, Mississippi, have sent their pastor, Rev. Dr. Stratton, to travel for a year with a full purse, and that his pulpit is supplied and his salary continued. The Rev. Dr. Bushnell of Hartford, having resigned his charge, on account of ill health, is also kindly cared for. Friends and members of his congregation have raised for him ten thousand dollars as a token of their good will and kindness for him in his feeble state of health.

Well Done.—Miss Charless, of St. Louis has given twenty thousand dollars to endow a professorship in Westminster College, Missouri. This is a noble instance of filial regard for the known wishes of a deceased parent. Her father, so well and so favorably known for his high character and many virtues as a citizen, a merchant and a Christian, in St. Louis and throughout the Valley of the Mississippi, was assassinated a few weeks since. But as his heart was very much set on the establishing of this college, and some of his last days devoted to its interests, she has nobly resolved to carry out his wishes, and has given the above sum to the college.

DEATH OF DR. ALEXANDER, OF NEW YORK.

A GREAT man in Israel has fallen! Lovely was he in himself and beloved for his father's sake; and to be held in everlasting remembrance in the Church for his abilities as a writer and a preacher, and for his many estimable qualities as a man and a pastor.

We do not know that the death of any other minister of Christ would have come home to us at our distant post in Zion, so much like a personal bereavement, as that of the Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander. For his own sake we admired him as a model writer, and as an able, eloquent, sound and accomplished preacher of the Word of God, and we felt deeply interested in him also, because it was at the feet of his father we more fully begun truly to apprehend the great doctrines of the Cross, and among all his contributions to our literature, we consider Dr. Alexander's life of his venerable father, the most skilfully executed work of his pen. There are other incidents, also, which have caused us to feel more deeply his loss. When he was elected professor in the theological seminary in 1849, we had the honor to be chosen his successor by his congregation, then in Duane street, and though we were at that time so connected with a most beloved congregation in New Orleans, that we could not feel it to be our duty to go to New York, still we have always felt a deep interest in that congregation and in his welfare. Afterwards, we met him traveling in foreign lands for rest and in search of health; and we shall never forget his kind greetings, and the many warm thoughts he then sent home by us, as it was our purpose to precede him to America; and then it was only last year that we had the pleasure of occupying his pulpit, and of spending some delightful moments of ministerial and social intercourse with him. We then thought him in better health than usual, and hoped for many more years of successful labor. But the Head of the Church has thought otherwise. And all his ways are right. Our loss is doubtless his unspeakable gain. We commend his family and flock to the tender care of Him, whose Gospel he so faithfully preached.

DEATH is only our heavenly Father's call to bring home his children from school, where they are weary and homesick. It is his decree calling the exile home. It is but the voice of Jesus calling us to his arms.

A LARGE PRAYER-MEETING.

The *Edinburgh Witness* says that forty thousand people attended a prayer-meeting recently held in the open air in Belfast, Ireland. Other papers do not estimate the number so high, but all agree that it was probably the largest prayer-meeting ever held since the world began. The assembly was convened in the Royal Botanic Gardens, and was presided over by the Rev. John Johnson of Tullilish, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church, supported by the ministers of the different Protestant denominations. The people went to the grounds with their Bibles and hymn-books in their hands. The living stream poured along the streets, leading to the gardens, for two hours. The Ulster *Banner* says the scene was one of the most solemn and animating ever witnessed in the province. The whole space within view from any point was as closely packed as it was well possible for it to be. Even the branches of the trees were taken advantage of by numbers of the junior members of the audience, as the most suitable situations for seeing and hearing; and there, while the sounds of praise were rising from the multitude below, these young worshippers were heard joining in the song of thanksgiving. Nothing of holiday levity; nothing of the thoughtless mirth of youth, was manifest among these; Their attention was as marked, and their conduct as well ordered, as that of any persons in the vast assemblage. Both as regarded its magnitude, and the deep solemnity and earnest spirit that pervaded it, the meeting is said to have recalled vividly the historic days and scenes of the signing of the "Solemn League and Covenant.

After prayer, the chairman read a chapter from the Holy Scriptures, and then gave out the 100dth Psalm; and never before in Belfast did so many voices unite in such hearty accord in singing this favorite song of Zion. Scarcely had the first note been raised on the platform, when it was caught up by the immense assemblage, the majority of the voices combining in surprising and unexpected harmony; and, as each stanza closed, the dying away of the cadence in the far distance of the throng, had an effect at once solemn and thrilling.

Every here and there, throughout the immense multitude, while the hymn or the prayer was rising on high, persons were being struck down under a sense of deep and overpowering conviction of sin. Inside of some of these circles there could not have been fewer than twenty persons—chiefly females—apparently under the influence of spiritual visit-

ation, at the same moment; some of them prostrate upon the sward, and others reclining upon the laps of friends. These were affected in various ways—some weeping bitterly, but silently, under a deep conviction of sin; some crying piteously for mercy; and others unable to utter a word, so thoroughly were their physical faculties in abeyance. In many parts of the garden groups of boys and girls, who had retired from the body of the congregation, formed in the shrubbery little meetings for prayer and exhortation among themselves. Some of these were ragged little boys, who had evidently belonged to the outcast classes. One of these cases was that of a little boy, about eleven years old, who in a very retired part of the garden engaged in prayer, surrounded by about twenty lads of the same age and class. This lad was, it appears, neglected by his parents, and formerly obtained a scanty livelihood by hawking ballads through the streets; and the tattered garment in which he as well as his companions were arrayed on Wednesday, showed that in that respect, their prospects in life had not been much improved.

At the close of the general meeting, one of the ministers of the town, who has moved a great deal among the juvenile population, was surrounded by a large assemblage of boys, who ultimately formed themselves into a procession, and marched into town, singing:—

O, that will be joyful.

Many of these children evidently belonged to the lowest classes of society. A portion of the procession, which divided from the rest, on arriving at the pound district, ceased to sing till they had passed its dangerous precincts, and resumed their song when they passed into Townsend street. The immense concourse of people left the gardens in the most orderly manner—the majority of them evidently impressed with the conviction that it was good for them to have been there. A few manufactories and other places of business were closed for the day, in order to allow the workers to join in the above services.

Gems for Christian Ministers.—Say nothing to gratify your own vanity.

We must preach Christ crucified in a crucified phrase.

The preacher hath three books to study: the Bible, himself and his people.

A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The conviction has been growing for years in the minds of the American people that the Old School Presbyterian Church was preëminently a conservative body. Great confidence has been reposed in it as a branch of the Church of God, that it would keep entirely aloof from all secular organizations, political and social; and most happily, this expectation has not been disappointed. The action of the late Assembly at Indianapolis is most decisive on this point. Sectional faction in every respect met there with a most signal defeat and a stern rebuke. The new theological seminary, in its location and in the election of its professors, we regard as one of the happiest and most important matters ever decided upon by our Church. We trust God may give the new seminary favor in the sight of the whole Church, and incline the hearts of the eminent men elected to accept their professorships. We are indeed one. We know no South, no North, no East, and no West. The late Assembly was a very able one—consisting of about three hundred and fifty members—the largest ecclesiastical body of the kind in America, and if we are not mistaken, in the world. It was composed of delegates from all sections of the American Union, from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific. The continent, the whole continent, is emphatically our field. And the lad may now be born that will sit in a General Assembly of the *United Old School Presbyterian Church, in San Francisco*, composed of one thousand delegates from Scotland, Ireland, England, Switzerland and the continent; and from the East and West Indies, South America, Australia, India, China and Japan, while Canada and British Columbia shall unite with all the States of North America. As a part of the Church of God we have no shibboleths. We are suited for all latitudes, and for all nations, and for all colors and tribes upon the face of the earth.

A Man's house should be on the hill-top of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, and the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest day. Home should be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical. *Selected.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

We are indebted to Mr. J. G. Gilchrist, Montgomery street, for the following new books.

Popular Tales from the Norse. Pp. 379. New York.—D. Appleton & Co.

We can hardly give a mature opinion of this volume, for so great has been the demand for it among our children, that we have only been able to get a few snatches at it. As soon as one lays it down, another picks it up, and so it has been kept warm in the fingers of our establishment ever since it was laid on our table. We have, however, managed to read the introduction, and to peep into it enough to satisfy ourselves that it is no ordinary book. It contains forty-six tales translated from the *Norske Folkeeventyr*. They are various in length, style and subject-matter; but as a whole we consider the volume an interesting one. We have a fondness for fables, parables and oriental and ancient tales. In most of them there is a sublimity, a philosophy and a *moral*, that we greatly admire. The refinement, manners and philosophy of an age and of a people, are best learned from their songs, proverbs and nursery tales. We hold that it were better for our children to be *absorbed* in the tales of the Norse, and of the Genii, and of the Arabian Nights, than to be *inflamed* by the sickly fictions and the hot-house flash literature that fills many of our book stalls. What harm has Don Quixote, or Robinson Crusoe, or the Persian tales ever done to the youth of a nation? Were it not a great gain to purify the imagination by leading it away from the gross and material?

Napoleon III.—The Man of Prophecy. By Rev. G. S. Faber, B. D.—D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The name Napoleon is never to be blotted out from human history. Whether the Rev. prebendary of Salisbury is correct in making Napoleon III. the seventh head of the Apocalyptic Roman Empire or not, he is nevertheless, for the moment, the first man of Europe, and "the man of the age." All things considered, he is in our judgment the greatest wonder of the world in our day. That he is the subject of prophecy, and that our author has correctly applied the particulars of the prophecy, we are not fully prepared to say; nor do we for the present deny. Dr. Faber died, if we recollect correctly, in 1854, leaving a high reputation for scholarship and ability as a writer. Biblical students know him as the author of works on "Election," "Justification" and "Prophecy." The main idea in this book, is that Louis Napoleon is the seventh Roman head, and that a general war of opinion will commence in Europe in 1864, and that it will be a long and bloody war in which England is to play a prominent part, and at last to conquer all her enemies, if she only keeps herself free from all the contaminations of Popery. There are two things that strike us as remarkable in most of the prophetic interpreters of our father-land, namely: that a Napoleon, or Bounaparte as they insist on calling him, should always trouble their visions. To the Briton, for the last half century, this name has been a raw-head-and-bloody-bones. We do not sympathise with them in their alarm. The late speech of Lord Lyndhurst strikes us as a note of fear, which Great Britain had no occasion for. The other point to

which we have alluded is the fact that most of these writers, in which they are followed by a host of lecturers in our own country, as soon as there is any appearance of a revolution, or of war in Europe, shout aloud, "now Popery falls—this is the end of the Pope's dominions." But how has it turned out? Has the end of Popery come? The result has been in every such instance just as it seems to us every unprejudiced and intelligent student of history and of the human heart, and especially of the Church of Christ, would have anticipated. It is not by such weapons that Popery is to fall. Nay, we do not believe the Roman Catholic Church is ever to be destroyed in the sense that these writers foretell its fall. We believe it is to be reformed, and that the agents of that reformation are to grow up in it, and to come out of it, just as Luther and Calvin were raised up in it; or as Wesley was a reformer, and yet died in the Church of England. We do not believe that any of the main branches of the Church of the living God are to be destroyed, however corrupt, or that any one of them is to become universal; but we do believe they will all be greatly reformed and revived, and some of them saved as by fire. Dr. Faber brings together some curious facts and coincidences; but if the present French Emperor is the seventh Roman head, and the great European war is to begin in 1864, what are we to call the Crimean and Italian wars? The truth is we have so much that is plainly revealed, and are kept so busy with trying to do what is laid upon us at the present moment, that we have not much time to spend in trying to read what is hidden behind the veil of prophecy. Present duty is ours, God will take care of the consequences. He loves his Church more than we do. It is perfectly safe.

Tent and Harem. By Caroline Paine.—D. Appleton & Co., New York.

If it were not for our gallantry, we should question the fitness of this title for the book, or say that the work was misnamed. It begins at Constantinople and crosses the Mediterranean, ascends the Nile, goes over the Red Sea and to Jerusalem by the way of Arabia, in 1850—51. We are at a loss to know how many *Tents and Harems* Miss or Mrs. Paine, for she does not inform us as to her status, found on the Mediterranean, or in the Nile-Boat. Nevertheless, it is a readable book of travels. It has carried us again over our old tracks. The book will prove interesting and instructive to all who take pleasure in oriental studies, scenes or habits.

Chambers' Encyclopœdia.

The second and third parts of this great work, published by Appleton, are also laid on our table. It is a dictionary of universal knowledge on the basis of the German *Conversations Lexicon*. The three parts extend only to the word "Ambulance." We are impatient to see it complete. We are especially sorry that it has not reached, for our instruction just at this time, the Aurora Borealis.

Messrs. H. H. Bancroft & Co., No. 161 Montgomery street, have laid on our table the following works:

The Higher Christian Life. By Rev. W. E. Boardman, Boston.—Henry Hoyt publisher.

This is a delightful book and has already had a very extensive circulation. It is

refreshing to have such sketches and experiences set before us in Mr. Boardman's easy and graceful style. The rapid sale of this book is also an indication that it has met a want of the Christian public. We hope Mr. Boardman may live to bless the world with more such volumes.

IDOLETTE STANLEY, OR THE BEAUTY OF DISCIPLINE. By M. M. B.—Published by the Martiens, Philadelphia.

THIS work is understood to be from the pen of Mrs. Boardman, now we are happy to say, of Los Angeles. It is written in a very agreeable style, and is calculated to do a great deal of good. We are glad that it is having a wide circulation. It is a volume of four hundred and sixty-five pages, neatly gotten up. We consider ourselves highly favored to have such Christian writers as the Rev. W. E. Boardman and his accomplished wife, and the Rev. Dr. Burrowes, among us. We promise our readers frequent contributions from their pens.

HYMNS OF THE AGES. By Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D.

BANCROFT & Co., have also laid on our table, from the publishers, Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, a volume with the above title. This volume professes to be a collection of the best sacred poetry, irrespective of creeds. Most of the pieces, however, are selected from the *Lyra Catholica* and *Germanica*, and perhaps new to most Protestants. We have here hymns, anthems and holy lyrics, appropriate to particular occasions of devotion. The editor says in his preface that his collection is made "from the whole vast range of Christian thought, experience and imagination; from the first melodies lifted in the morning air of the Christian ages; from that long line of consecrated and aspiring singers reaching back to the days of Constantine; from among the lofty strains of Ambrose, and Jerome, and their strong fellow-believers, where the sanctity of centuries is wrought, like an invisible aroma, into the very substance and structure of the verses." The only work of the kind that we remember in English, is *Keble's Christian Year*, which, whatever else may be said about it, contains a selection of fine poetry. The present volume we consider a valuable contribution to our Christian literature. It will not be considered, however, that in saying this, we adopt the theology of all the pieces. By no means. There are some pages which we regret to find in the book, but it has so much in it that is of a superior character, that we think it will have an elevating, purifying, and comforting ministry in the closet and in the family.

ARABIAN DAYS' ENTERTAINMENT. Translated from the German by H. P. Curtis. —Boston, Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1859.

THIS is a very neat volume of four hundred and thirty-four pages, containing a preface, introduction, and some sixteen tales after the style of the *Arabian Nights*. Some of these stories have been already published in sundry magazines, but never before presented in so perfect and complete a translation, and some of them have never been translated before. They are very popular in Germany, and we think they well deserve to be so among us. While they are deeply interesting to children, they are entertaining to grown people also.